A zany Pink Panther story — inside!

TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

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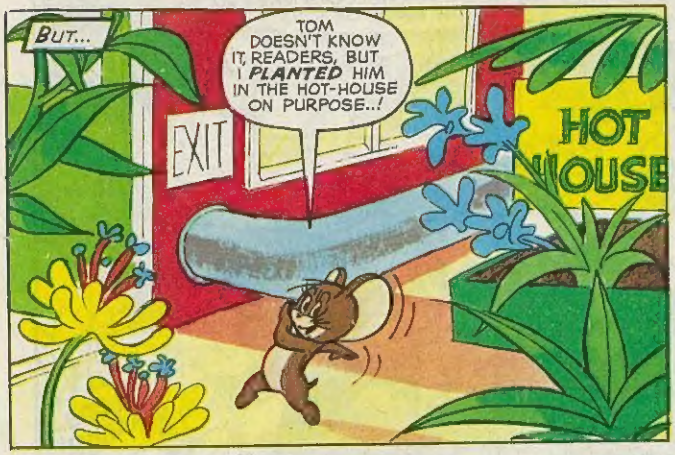
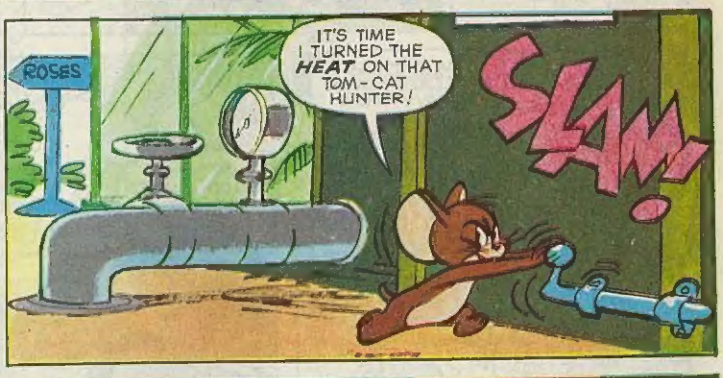
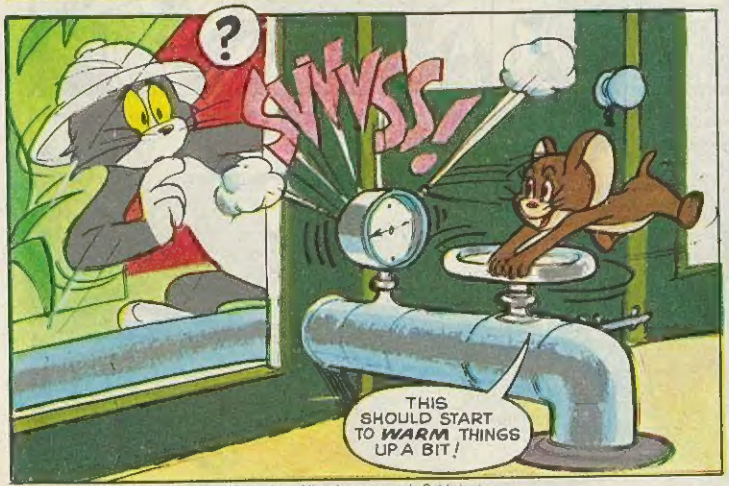
TOM and JERRY







WAAAAAGH! LEMME OUTTA HERE!
SNIGGER! JUDGING FROM THE WAY TOM'S GETTING ALL STEAMED UP, I'D SAY HE WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL THE PRESSURE!

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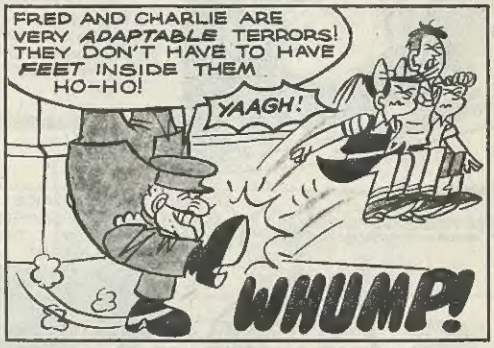
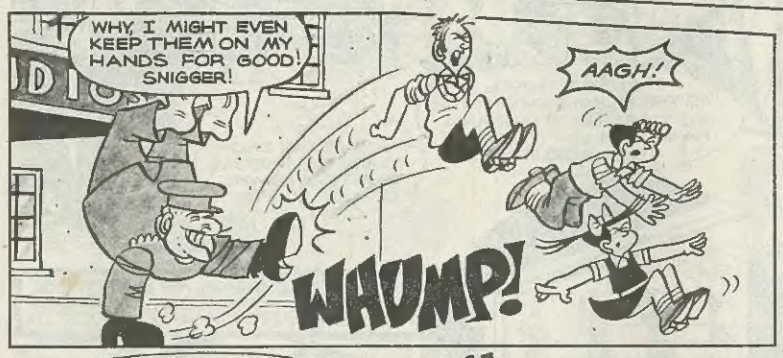
Follow the trail to page 2

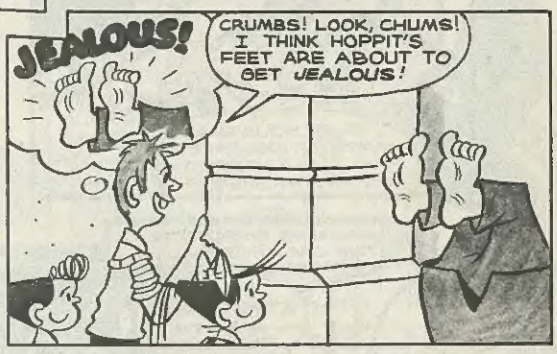
MINUTES LATER...
THAT SHOULD BRING TOM DOWN TO SIZE A BIT... ERRRRK!
G-GULP! TOM'S R-REALLY SHRUNK! I D-DIDN'T M-MEAN TO OVER-DO THINGS!
JERK!
JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, READERS, JERRY DOESN'T KNOW I KEPT MY COOL BY DIPPING INTO THE WATER TROUGH. BUT I CAN FEEL MY TEMPERATURE RISING FAST...
C'MERE, P-PAL! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL MY GRUB TO HELP YOU GROW AGAIN.
THEN...
UHHH? TOM! G-GULP!
YOU SAID IT, SUCKER! RIGHT NOW I'M BOILING UP TO GIVE YOU A BASHING!
THAT TREE WON'T HELP YOU, JERRY! YOU COULD SAY I'VE GOT YOU IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!
KERUMB
G-GULP!
THUMP!
IF I'M TO STEM THAT CAT'S ADVICE I'LL HAVE TO USE MY NUT...
...OR THESE COCO-NUTS! I'LL BOMB TOM! CHUCKLE!
OH, NO!
TA-TA, TOM! LOOKS LIKE I GOT THE DROP ON YOU!
KLUNK
OOOOO... AAAGH!
NNNNNGH!
JAB!
I GUESS THE POINT ABOUT THIS PLACE IS THAT—JUDGING FROM TOM—IT KIND OF GROWS ON YOU, EH, READERS! SNIGGER!
EXIT

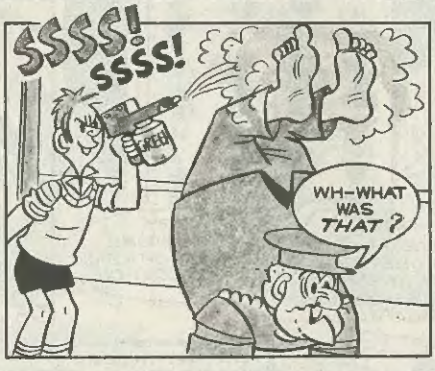
First aid for Tom next week!

TV Terrors









ENTER, TERRORS! YOU MAY AS WELL MAKE THE BEST OF IT FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS! SIGH!
WE CERTAINLY MUST HAND IT TO YOUR FEET, HOPPIT! HO-HO!

Back to school for Hoppit soon!

CANNON

CANNON has been hired by the farmers' insurance and protection company to investigate the burning down of Dan Houseman's homestead by what appears to be a Red Indian war party . . .

THAT'S A SWELL SIGNPOST! WONDER IF IT WELCOMES INDIAN BRAVES, TOO!?

BITTER SPRINGS WELCOMES YOU!

CANNON CALLS ON THE SHERIFF...

CAN'T SAY WE TAKE TO PRIVATE SNOOPERS, CANNON. WE DON'T TAKE TO STRANGERS.

IF MR HOUSEMAN WANTS HIS INSURANCE PAID OUT I NEED CO-OPERATION, SHERIFF!

THE COMPANY WON'T PAY HIM A CENT UNTIL I PUT IN MY REPORT.

GUESS THAT'S HIS PROBLEM, CANNON. IT'S LIKE THIS, THE HOUSEMAN FAMILY BLEW TOWN THIS MORNIN'!

CANNON GETS NO FURTHER...

BITTER SPRI MINING CO

MOTEL

WHAT A DUMP! THE ONLY PLACE THAT SEEMS TO BE DOING WELL IS THAT MINING OFFICE!

WHEN HE CHECKS IN AT THE ONLY HOTEL...

I'D LIKE A ROOM WITH A BATH, PLEASE!

SORRY, MISTER. REGULARS ONLY. BETTER TRY McCLUSKY'S, TWENTY-THREE MILES STRAIGHT DOWN THE HIGHWAY!

SORRY, MISTER. WE'RE CLEAN OUT OF READY ACCOMMODATION.

UNKNOWN TO CANNON, HIS DEPARTURE IS WATCHED FROM WITHIN THE BITTER SPRINGS MINING COMPANY OFFICE...

THE RACKFUL OF KEYS TELLS ME HE DIDN'T HAVE ONE CUSTOMER, SO WHY?

CANNON RUNS INTO THE LAST OF HIS PROBLEMS...

I COULD EASILY THUMP THIS GUY, BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT.

AND TWO MILES OUT OF TOWN...

LET'S SEE WHY THE FOLKS OF BITTER SPRINGS DON'T WANT ME AROUND.

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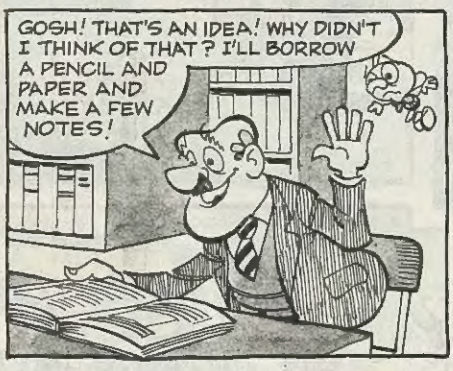
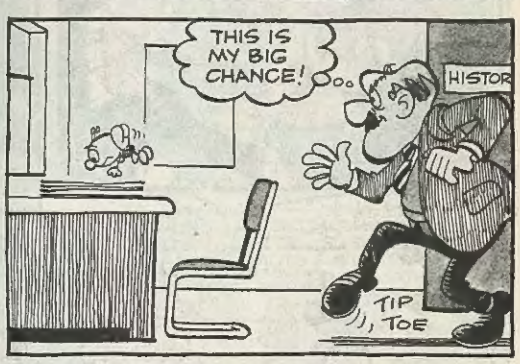
A war party for Cannon next week!

MIGHTY MOTH

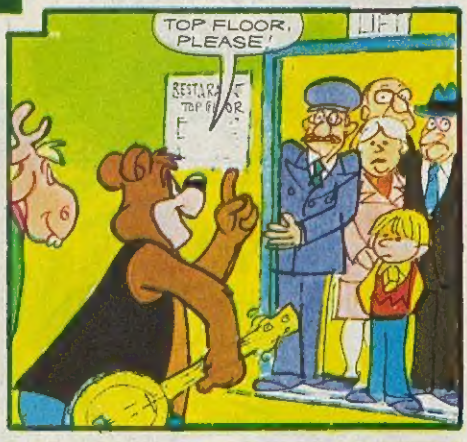




A hair-raising happening soon!

BARNEY BEAR

DID YOU HAVE TO BRING YOUR BANJO TO MY PARTY, BARNEY?
SURE I DID, YOU KNOW ME, MOOSE. I'M A NATURAL ENTERTAINER, I NEED AN AUDIENCE AS I NEED AIR TO BREATHE!



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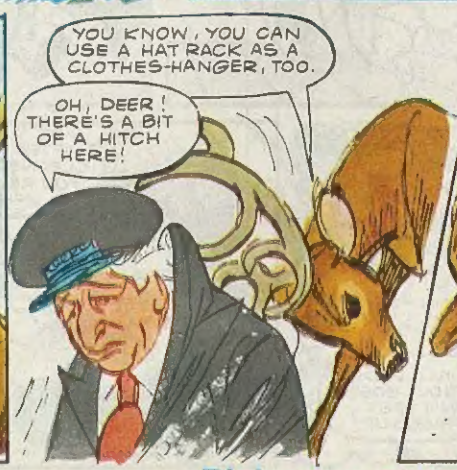
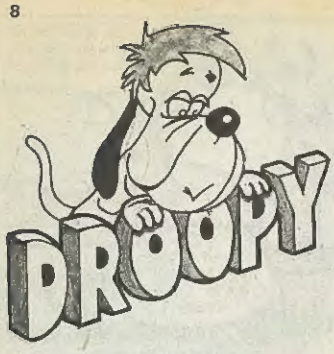
Next week Barney's off his food!

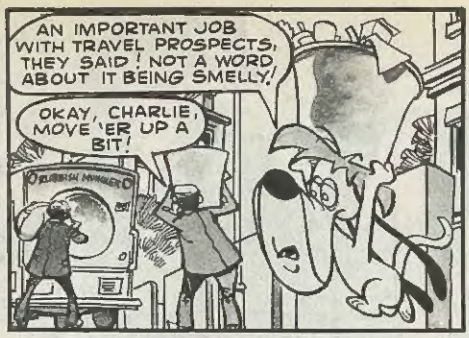
JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

HALLO, RED DEER! I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME SPLENDID HAY TODAY.
HAY IS RATHER EXPENSIVE, I BELIEVE?
YES, IT MAKES US VERY DEAR DEER, DEAR!



Pick up a penguin with Johnny next week!




AN IMPORTANT JOB WITH TRAVEL PROSPECTS, THEY SAID! NOT A WORD ABOUT IT BEING SMELLY!
OKAY, CHARLIE, MOVE 'ER UP A BIT!
RUBBISH MANAGER

MORE THAN ONE...
COMING, S-SIR...! BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT, SIR!
IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR DO I SMELL BURNING?
PHEW! I'M REALLY WORKING UNDER PRESSURE NOW! EHHH?

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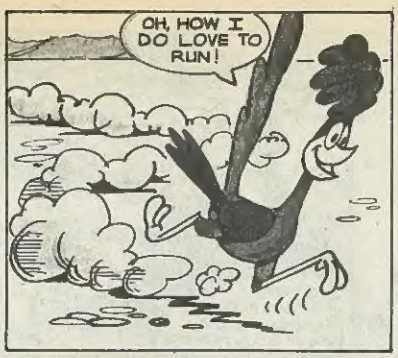
A mad mission for agent Droopy shortly!

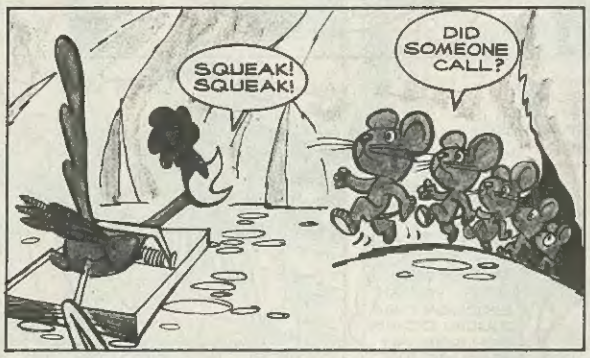
Texas Ted

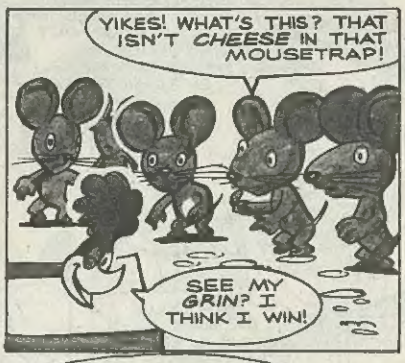
ONE NIGHT...
WHOOOOOO
G-GREAT H-HOWLING PRAIRIE WINDS! WHAT WAS THAT?
CREAK!
I AIN'T B-BUDGING FROM MA BED! IT SOUNDS REAL S-SPOOKY!
GHOST STORIES
THAT MOMENT...
THAT NOISE IS COMING FROM AROUND EDWARD'S ROOM. I'LL CREEP IN QUIETLY AND TAKE A PEEP!
Ted's Bunkhouse
CREAK
CREAK
AND...
WHOOOO
DIVE
YEEAAGH! NO! GO AWAY! IT'S THE SILENT SHADOW COME TUH GIT ME!
WHOOO
HEH-HEH! IT WAS ONLY AN OWL THAT HAD FLOWN IN, EDWARD! I CAME TO INVESTIGATE. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BIG, BRAVE COWBOY, AFTER ALL! SNIGGER!
NEXT MORNING...
GOOD MORNING, EDWARD! SO YOU MANAGED TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT FROM UNDER ALL THOSE BLANKETS, EH? CHUCKLE!
AH TELLS YA AH WAS JEST WAITING IN HIDING TUH SPRING ON ANY INTRUDER!
WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT YOU WERE JUST SCARED, EDWARD?
FIGGUR IT'S TIME AH BROUGHT MA COUSIN DOWN TUH SIZE! AH GOT ME AN IDEA!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...
THIS'LL SHO' MAKE COUSIN JUMP IN A BIG WAY!
BUT, THAT MOMENT...
FLOUR
CHUCKLE! THIS ROBE I BORROWED FROM THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY—PLUS A LITTLE FLOUR—SHOULD TEACH THAT TEXAN TO BE TRUTHFUL IN FUTURE!
SO...
NOW TO... YEEAAGH!
EERRK! IT'S TIME AH HIGH-TAILED IT... OOPS!
TRIP!
FRANK McDIARMID
G-GREAT SHOOTIN' SIXGUNS— IT'S YOU, COUSIN!
...AND THAT H-HORNED M-MONSTER WAS Y-YOU!
YOU WIN, COUSIN! RECKON AH WAS MIGHTY FRIGHTENED!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, EDWARD! I WAS, TOO! BUT NO MORE HAUNTINGS FROM NOW ON, AND LET'S...ER... SHAKE ON IT!

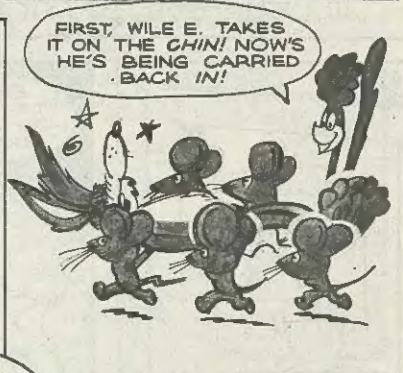
Ted makes things mighty warm next week!

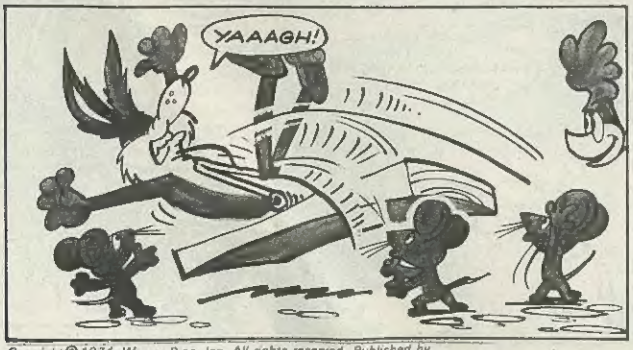
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner

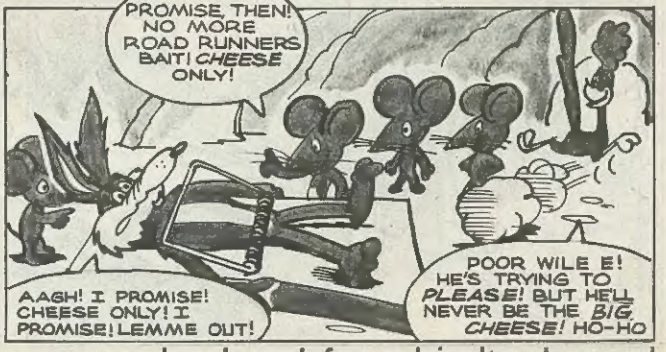











PROMISE, THEN! NO MORE ROAD RUNNERS BAIT! CHEESE ONLY!
AAGH! I PROMISE! CHEESE ONLY! I PROMISE! LEMME OUT!
POOR WILE E! HE'S TRYING TO PLEASE! BUT HE'LL NEVER BE THE BIG CHEESE! HO-HO

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Look out for a big hoot soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

My name is Karen Rowley. This is a picture of me and my sister Wendy. I am eight years old and my sister is five years. This photograph was taken in my house on my sister's birthday. My hobbies are swimming and reading. My favourite stories are Tom and Jerry, and Barney Bear.

Karen Rowley, York Road, Sale, Cheshire.

Well, you have to give your sister a big hug on her birthday, don't you, Karen.

STAR LETTER

A pencil is a thing that's very dear to me,
Without it I couldn't draw or write.
I admit I only use it in the daytime,
Still it's there on my bedroom shelf at night.
It can be long and brown,
It can be short and stripy,
It can be dull and old—
Or new and coloured brightly.
But it's usually long and thin,
With a rubber on the end,
And with it I can write dark or lightly.

Olwen Wright, Broughty Ferry, Scotland.

I like your poem very much, Olwen. So much, in fact, that I'm awarding you the star prize. That should encourage the ode-makers!!

Dear Editor

There once was a farmer called Wig,
Who tried to ride on a pig,
The pig went astray,
The hen wouldn't lay,
And even his spade wouldn't dig.

Andrew Smith, Brayton, Selby, Yorkshire.

Pretty awful farmer, wasn't he, Andrew? But he did give us all a good laugh, so I suppose I'd better not be too hard on him!

Dear Editor

I have two cats, ten mice and a bird that my Dad found. My Mum bought me a mouse cage and told me I had to pay for it. I have paid ten pence so far. Our cats are very puzzled because there are ten mice and a bird in the household. They think they were born to eat them, but they haven't a clue why we don't let them. This is a photograph of me by one of my willows.

R. Gordon, Links View, Northampton.

Perhaps our postal order will help to get the debt repaid more quickly. That's if the cats don't get to the mice before your prize gets to you! I don't think you're tempting providence!

Dear Editor

I am writing to tell you about 'Inky' my pet hooded crow. I have had him one year. His favourite hobbies are raiding next door's strawberry patch, frightening my dog, chasing my gerbils and playing catch. He sleeps in our broken-down, old fridge without a door, with old jumpers for blankets. He eats meat, fruit and left-overs.

Jayne Short, Whitefield, Manchester, Lancs.

I bet Inky's very popular with your next door neighbour, the dog and the gerbils. I would've thought sleeping in a fridge might have cooled him down a little!

My name is Alan Glen Sanderson, and my friend is called Andrew Craig Talbot. In this photograph you can see me on the guitar and my friend on the organ. I have a dog, a guinea pig, two brothers and one sister. My hobbies are music and playing for the church choir. My favourite characters are Basil Brush and Pink Panther.

Alan Sanderson, Accrington, Lancashire.

Won't be long before you're in the charts, I can see that!

BASIL BRUSH

IT SAYS IN THE LOCAL PAPER THERE'S A PICKPOCKET OPERATING IN THE VILLAGE, CHUMMERS. LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE HAD THEIR WALLETS STOLEN, ESPECIALLY AFTER THEY'VE DRAWN MONEY FROM THE BANK!

THAT'S JUST REMINDED ME, GUV! I MUST CASH A CHEQUE FOR THE 'OUSEKEEPING MONEY.

I'LL COME TO THE VILLAGE WITH YOU!

1193

ALL THIS TALK ABOUT A PICKPOCKET AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE POLICEMAN, CHUMMERS.

I EXPECT THEY'RE BUSY ELSEWHERE, GUV!

TAKE CARE, MR BRUSH AND MR CHUMLEY. REMEMBER THERE'S A THIEF ABOUT.

DON'T WORRY. IT WOULD TAKE A GOOD 'UN TO PINCH MY WALLET!

ER, GUV. THERE'S A LITTLE DOG FOLLOWIN' US!

PROBABLY A STRAY. LET'S NIP IN THIS ALLEY AND SHAKE IT OFF!

HEH! HEH! THAT WAS EASY ENOUGH!

OH, NO! HE'S STILL FOLLOWIN' US!

LOOK—'NO DOGS'! LET'S GO THROUGH THE SUPERMARKET AND OUT THE OTHER SIDE!

FLOPS INSTANT DESSERT 1½ 12½

NO DOGS ADMITTED

BISCUITS

TINNED

FROZEN

EXCUSE US. WE'RE NEARLY THROUGH, CHUMMERS!

THERE! THAT GOT RID OF HIM!

EXIT ONLY

LUVVUS! 'E' ID IN THAT LADY'S CARRIER BAG!

OOPS! EXCUSE ME!

HEY! MY WALLET! HE'S PINCHED MY WALLET!

Dick Millington

GRRR!

HE'S CAUGHT THE THIEF!

WELL DONE, FIDO!

YOU SAY HE'S A POLICE DOG, CONSTABLE? I THOUGHT THE POLICE ONLY USED ALSATIANS!

HE'S A SPECIALLY-TRAINED PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE DOG!

NOW WE KNOW WHY FIDO WAS FOLLOWIN' US, GUV. I WONDER HOW 'E KNEW I WAS TO BE THE PICK-POCKET'S NEXT VICTIM?

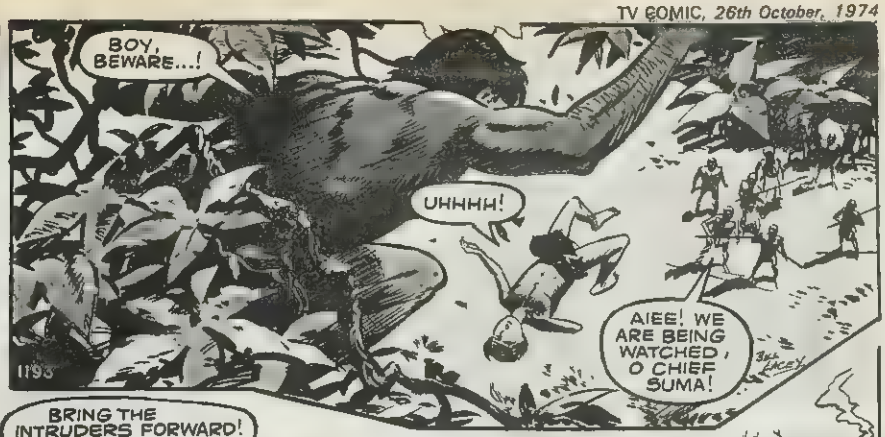
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM A ***LEAD*** AND HE WAS ABLE TO ***COLLAR*** THE CRIMINAL! HA! HAA!

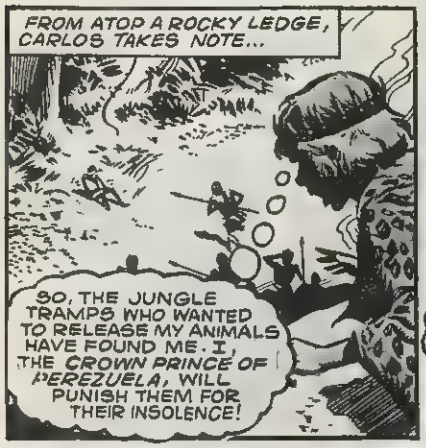
C. BA

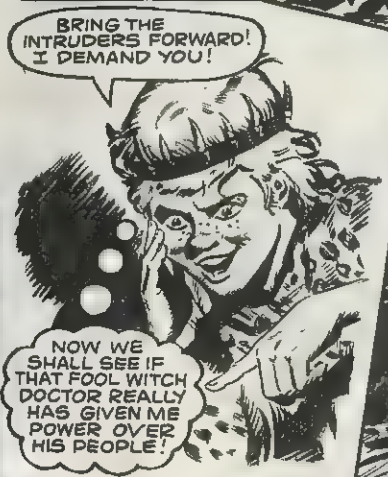
Basil defeats a beefburger next week!

TARZAN

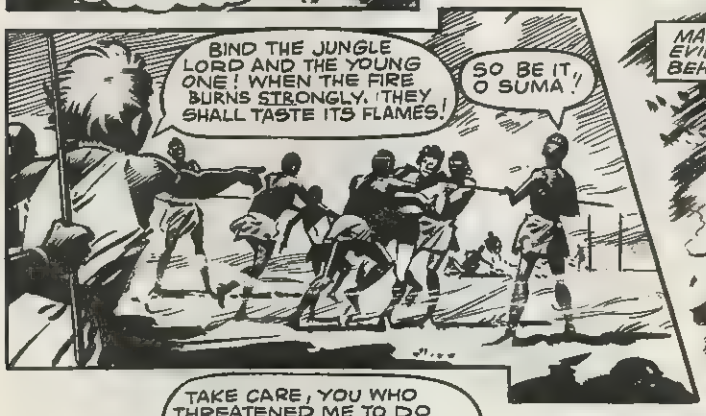
AN arrogant youth named Carlos Schmidt has been kidnapped from an animal trappers' camp by Malog, witch doctor of the M'Bhutu. Malog, forces Carlos to pretend to be N'Gara-Gara — the god of mercy — whom the superstitious tribe believes will save them from famine. Meanwhile, Tarzan and Boy hide nearby, but then . . .



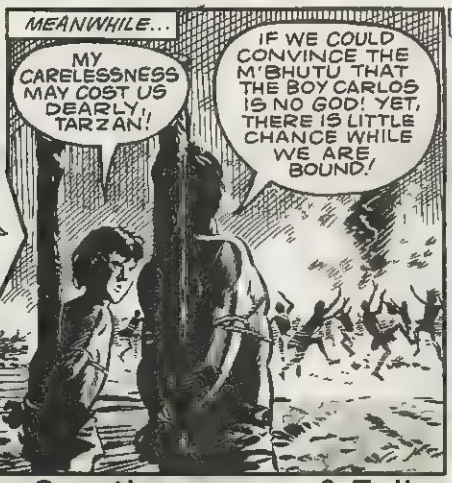

FROM ATOP A ROCKY LEDGE, CARLOS TAKES NOTE...
SO, THE JUNGLE TRAMPS WHO WANTED TO RELEASE MY ANIMALS HAVE FOUND ME. I, THE CROWN PRINCE OF PEREZUELA, WILL PUNISH THEM FOR THEIR INSOLENCE!


BRING THE INTRUDERS FORWARD! I DEMAND YOU!
NOW WE SHALL SEE IF THAT FOOL WITCH DOCTOR REALLY HAS GIVEN ME POWER OVER HIS PEOPLE!

THE M'BHUTU OBEY WITHOUT QUESTION...
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO WITH THEM, MIGHTY N'GARA-GARA?
THEY- THEY ARE THE CAUSE OF THE FAMINE. DESTROY THEM AND YOUR CROPS WILL RETURN! I SAY THEY MUST DIE!



MALOG GREETS THE EVIL-MINDED TEENAGER, BEHIND THE LEDGE...
YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME, WHITE ONE! YOU HAVE STOLEN MY POWER OVER THE M'BHUTU — TARZAN HAS DONE NO HARM TO US!


MEANWHILE...
MY CARELESSNESS MAY COST US DEARLY, TARZAN!
IF WE COULD CONVINCE THE M'BHUTU THAT THE BOY CARLOS IS NO GOD! YET, THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE WHILE WE ARE BOUND!

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Can they escape? Follow Tarzan every week!

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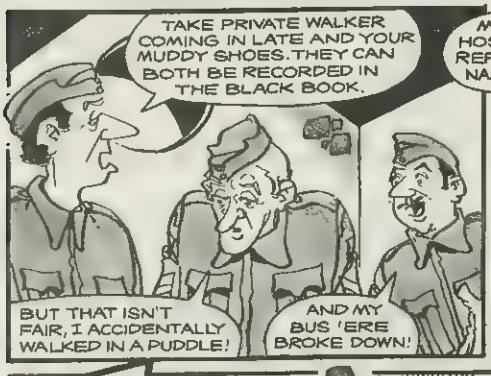
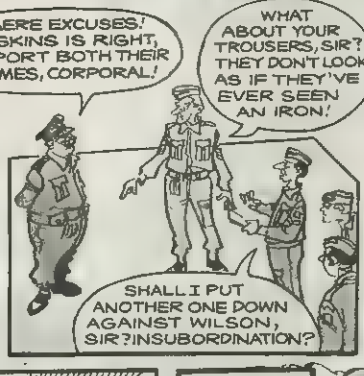
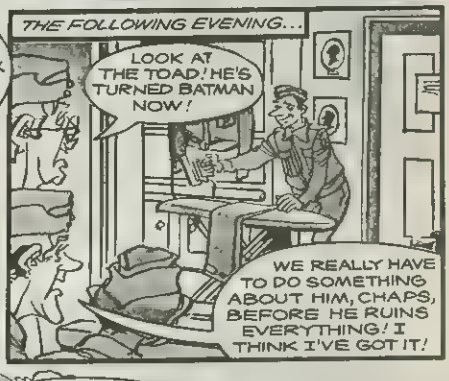
A NIGHT OR TWO LATER...
SHOULDN'T PRIVATE HOSKINS BE DOING DRILL WITH US, SIR?
NOT TONIGHT, SERGEANT WILSON. HE'S... H'MM... BUSY HELPING ME.
THERE WE ARE, SIR! NICE AND HOT!

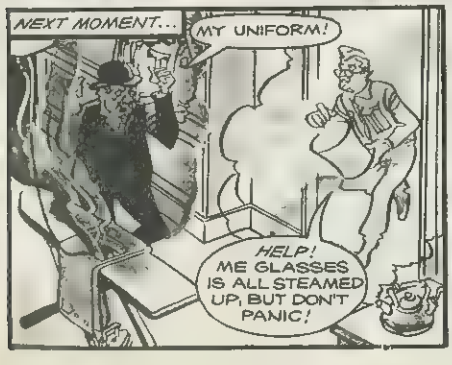
AND, AFTER ONE WEEK...
A LANCE CORPORAL IN ONE WEEK! YOU'D BETTER BE WATCHING YERSEL' IN THE NEXT FORTNIGHT, SERGEANT WILSON!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, JOCK!
I THINK MR FRAZER'S RIGHT, UNCLE ARTHUR!

AT CO.'S PARADE...
I'VE DECIDED TO ADOPT CORPORAL HOSKINS' SUGGESTION OF KEEPING A BLACK BOOK.
I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, SIR?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, SERGEANT WILSON.


TAKE PRIVATE WALKER COMING IN LATE AND YOUR MUDDY SHOES. THEY CAN BOTH BE RECORDED IN THE BLACK BOOK.
BUT THAT ISN'T FAIR, I ACCIDENTALLY WALKED IN A PUDDLE!
AND MY BUS 'ERE BROKE DOWN!


MERE EXCUSES! HOSKINS IS RIGHT, REPORT BOTH THEIR NAMES, CORPORAL!
WHAT ABOUT YOUR TROUSERS, SIR? THEY DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY'VE EVER SEEN AN IRON!
SHALL I PUT ANOTHER ONE DOWN AGAINST WILSON, SIR? INSUBORDINATION?


THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
LOOK AT THE TOAD! HE'S TURNED BATMAN NOW!
WE REALLY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM, CHAPS, BEFORE HE RUINS EVERYTHING! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!



LATER...
THANKS FOR GETTING THE AIR-RAID WARNING TESTED, MR HODGES.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MR WILSON. FANCY ME DOIN' FAVOURS FOR THE 'OME GUARD!

A weight is on Mainwaring's ... NEXT WEEK.

ITS PRACTICE THAT MAKES PROFESSIONALS!

beat this — real pro-training GOALPOSTS for your own garden from only £7·25 incl. VAT

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I enclose £.....Cash/Cheque/P.O.

Please don't forget to add 75p for carriage.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

(Offer applies to UK Mainland only) TVC4

"MATCHBOX" SuperKings

LONDON TO PARIS, VIENNA TO ROME OUR CONTAINER TRUCK TAKES EUROPE IN ITS STRIDE.

OUR SUPER KING CONTAINER TRUCK K-17 WITH Superfast WHEELS REALLY EATS UP THE MILES! THE BRIGHT RED TRAILER UNCOUPLES—IT'S VERY STRONG AND CARRIES TWO HUGE YELLOW CONTAINERS WHICH HAVE BIG BLUE DOORS YOU CAN OPEN. IT TAKES A POWERFUL SCAMMELL TRACTOR TO PULL THIS LOAD ALONG! MORE THAN 20 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM—

START YOUR COLLECTION NOW!

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*Recommended retail price at time of going to press.

The BUGS BUNNY Show

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

'LONG, COOL STORY'

AHA! SOMEONE REQUIRES MY SERVICES! THE LEAST I CAN DO IS OFFER THEM.

EXPERIENCED SALESMAN WANTED... APPLY WITHIN

EXPERIENCED, SIR? INDEED I AM! WHY I ONCE SOLD *ICE CREAM TO THE ESKIMOS!*

!

WHAT A JOKE! I LIKE A SENSE OF HUMOUR! HO-HO-HO! HA-HA! HO-HO!

I RESENT YOUR REMARK, SIR. YOU DOUBT ME. SO I SHALL PROCEED TO TELL YOU MY TALE!

!

?

♫ CANOEING DOWN THE RIVER ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON! ♫

UG! UG! WE BUY!

STOP ME AND BUY ONE

ICE-A-DA-CREAMA! ICE-A-DA-CREAMA!

UG! UG! OOH! GOO! GOO!

YIKES! COME BACK IT ISN'T THE *BIKE* YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BUY!

GULP! I TAKE IT THAT YOU DO NOT WISH ME TO PURSUE YOUR FRIENDS, SIR?

I THINK THIS ANSWERS MY QUESTION, SIR!

BOP!

!

SPLODGE!

YULP! MY SINCERE APOLOGIES, MA' AM!

OOHOOH! UG! NICE! UG! OOH!

BY JIMMINY, I HAVE IT!

SIR, IT WAS A COMPLETE SELL-OUT. THE ESKIMO WOMEN BOUGHT THE LOT! *CREAM FOR THEIR COMPLEXIONS!*

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! YOU WEREN'T TELLING ME A TALL STORY AFTER ALL. THE JOB'S YOURS, RABBIT!

EXPERIENCED SALESMAN WANTED... APPLY WITHIN

B.B.

I WISH I WASN'T SUCH A STORY TELLER! HOW ON EARTH AM I SUPPOSED TO SELL EXTRA HEAVY OVERCOATS IN *AFRICA!*

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A carrot hunt with Bugs soon!

The Very Huge Freddo Frog PAGE AGAIN!

I've been judging your letters and here are some good ones...

'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE CLOTHING? -His jumper.' from:- Georgina Crouch, New Malden.

Here's a nice drawing of me from:- Nichola Johns, Walsall.

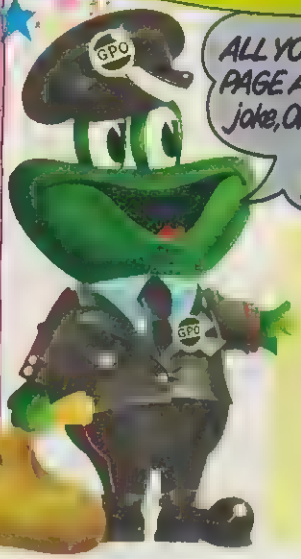
'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE GAME?- Croaket (Croquet)' from:- Tracey Holland, Rugby.

HERE'S SOME MORE FREDDO JOKES-

WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE T.V. PROGRAMME?: Hopportunity Knocks.' from:- J. Clipson, Leicester, and Andrew Hubbard, Withernsea.

WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE FLOWER?: A Croak-us (Crocus)' from:- Bernadette Shryane, Manchester.

WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE MEAL?: Toad-in-the-hole'. from:- Dale Cross, Leicester, Kim Taylor, Coventry and David Munn, Gillingham.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET ON MY PAGE AND WIN £1 IS:- Write a Freddo joke, OR write a story for a Freddo comic strip, OR make-a-Freddo, AND SEND YOUR ENTRY TO:-

FREDDO, DEPT. G2610, CADBURY LTD., CONFECTIONERY GROUP, BOURNVILLE, BIRMINGHAM, B30 2LU.

Cadbury's Freddo THE FIRST JOKE-TELLING CHOCOLATE FROG.

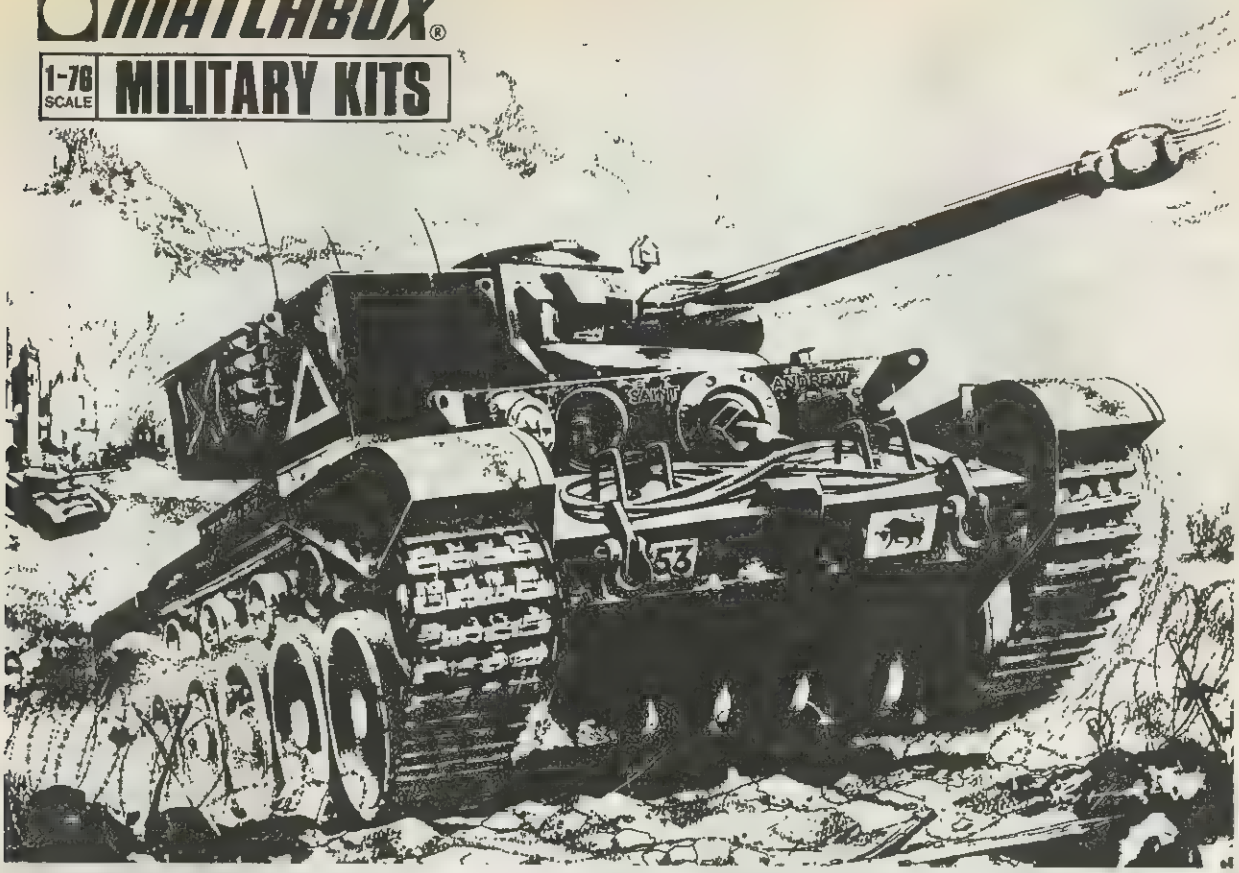
PINK PANTHER
THOSE CUSTARD PIES LOOK NICE. I THINK I'LL BUY ONE.
BAKER
A CUSTARD PIE? CERTAINLY.
HEY, I'M NOT HAVING THAT ONE! YOU'VE PUT YOUR THUMB IN THE CUSTARD!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH IT. COME ON, PAY UP!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL PAY, BUT I REFUSE TO EAT IT!
IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT IT, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?
THAT'S SIMPLE!
SPLAT!
HOW DARE YOU! I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR SORT!
SPLAT!
HELP! POLICE!
SPLAT! SPLAT!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
SPLAT!
OOPS!
LATER, IN COURT...
HOW DID THE ACCUSED ASSAULT YOU, CONSTABLE?
BY THROWING ONE OF THESE CUSTARD PIES AT ME, YOUR HONOUR!
I FIND THE ACCUSED GUILTY AND SENTENCE HIM TO...
...ONE CUSTARD PIE!
SPLAT!
THAT WAS FUN! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT!
OH, WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S BETTER THAN BEING HELD IN CUSTARDY!

©Munsch — Geoffrey — D-F 1974

Pink Panther sells you a laugh next week!

MATCHBOX®

1-76 SCALE **MILITARY KITS**

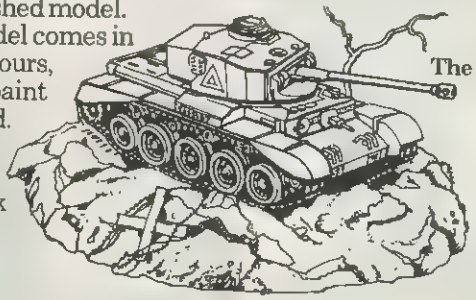


Comet tank breaking out of Weser Bridgehead.

The PK-72 Comet MK-1 tank shown here was issued to the 11th Armoured Division in December 1944. In March 1945 the Division moved forward to the Weser Bridgehead on the Rhine. By the end of the war in Europe they had advanced as far as the Baltic coast at Lubeck.

Note the highly detailed finish of this 1-76th scale plastic model kit. The turret rotates, the gun elevates, even the main hatch opens. You get easy fitting clip-on tracks too – no heat sealing is necessary!

The Comet comes with a choice of two decals, those of the 2nd Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and those of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment. A special feature is the realistic DIORAMA battle display which adds extra life and drama to the finished model. Although the model comes in two authentic colours, two camouflage paint plans are supplied. This kit is the only model of the Comet MK-1 tank you can buy.



The Comet MK-1 tank is one of a whole series of new "MATCHBOX" military kits – ask for them at your local shop.

Price 30p*

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Laurel & Hardy

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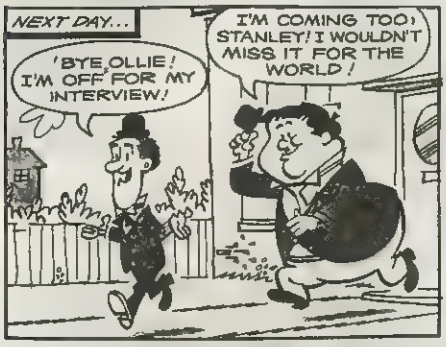

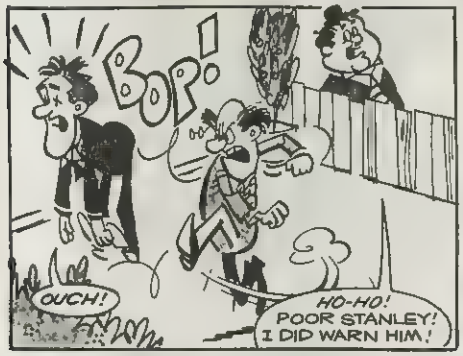

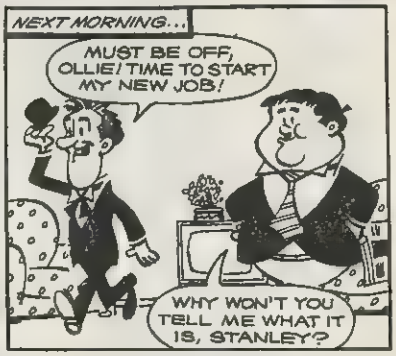

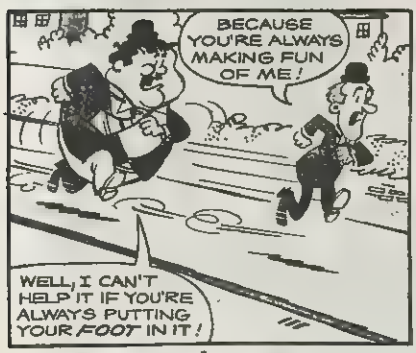

HE'S MAKING THE HOLES IN DOUGHNUTS! HO-HO-HO!
JAB!
CUT!
IT PAYS TO PUT YOUR FINGER IN IT SOMETIMES!
BEST FOREFINGER WE'VE EVER HAD! SIGH!

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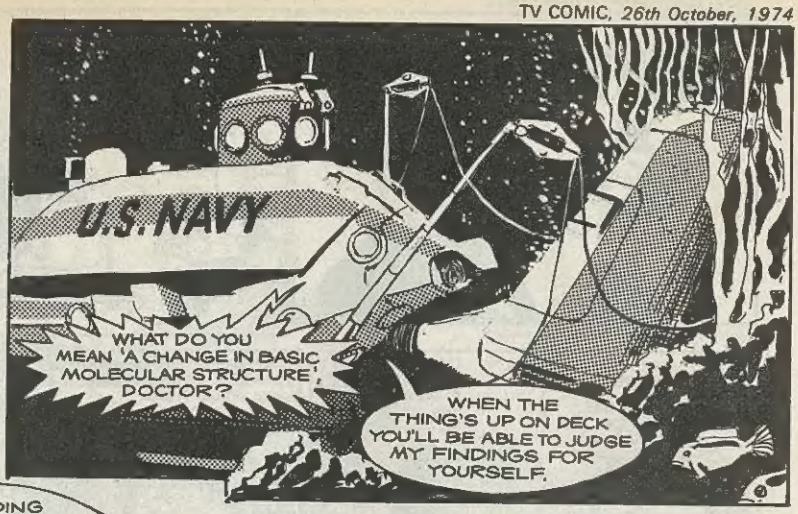
DR WHO in Lords of the Ether!

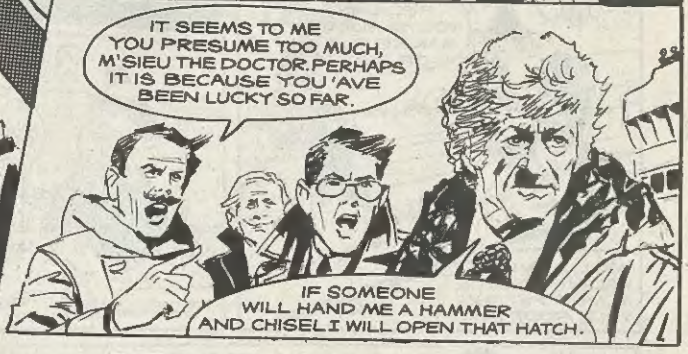
HAVING re-opened lunar exploration, the first Achilles landing has ended in tragedy. After abandoning one of the crew in a mysterious cave on the lower slopes of the Haemus Mountains, the returning capsule has plunged into the Pacific. Acting as a special scientific adviser for the UK Government, the Doctor — using the name Smith — is aboard the miniature submarine that has located the capsule on the ocean bed . . .


U.S. NAVY
WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'A CHANGE IN BASIC MOLECULAR STRUCTURE', DOCTOR?
WHEN THE THING'S UP ON DECK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO JUDGE MY FINDINGS FOR YOURSELF.

ABOARD THE U.S. CARRIER 'GENERAL EISENHOWER', A STRANGE DISCOVERY IS MADE BEFORE THE CAPSULE IS EVEN HALFWAY TO THE SURFACE...
HEY, LIEUTENANT. EITHER THIS GAUGE IS UP THE CREEK OR SOMETHING'S WRONG!
HOW COME, ROGERS?

AND, SHORTLY AFTER...
WELL, YOU WERE RIGHT, DOCTOR. THE WRETCHED THING'S COMPLETELY PETRIFIED.
FOR ONCE I WISH I HAD BEEN WRONG, SIR GEOFFREY.

AS THE CAPSULE IS NO LONGER METAL, HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO OPEN THE HATCH?
IT WILL BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS IF THE EXPLODING BOLTS ARE STILL INTACT!
I AM POSITIVE THEY WILL NOT BE!


IT SEEMS TO ME YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH, M'SIEU THE DOCTOR. PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE YOU 'AVE BEEN LUCKY SO FAR.
IF SOMEONE WILL HAND ME A HAMMER AND CHISEL I WILL OPEN THAT HATCH.

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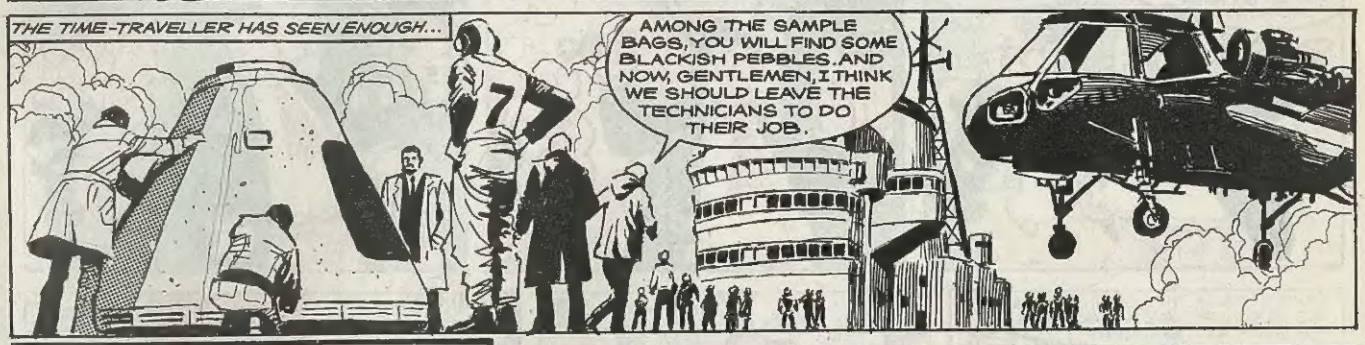
THE TIME-TRAVELLER HAS SEEN ENOUGH...
AMONG THE SAMPLE BAGS, YOU WILL FIND SOME BLACKISH PEBBLES. AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, I THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE THE TECHNICIANS TO DO THEIR JOB.

FOR SEVERAL DAYS THE PETRIFIED CAPSULE UNDERGOES ANALYSIS. FINALLY A DETAILED REPORT IS LAID BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC COMMITTEE...
...AND AS DOCTOR SMITH OF THE U.K. PREDICTED, WE FOUND THIS AMONG THE SAMPLES. EVERYTHING ELSE HAD BEEN CHANGED TO THE SAME STONE.

WELL, DOCTOR, YOU TOLD US IT WAS THERE, SO OBVIOUSLY YOU KNEW ABOUT IT. PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US MORE?
I CAN HARDLY TELL THEM IT'S CRUNTHEL, COMMON IN GALAXY 402!

I'M AFRAID THAT I CANNOT DIVULGE WHERE I SAW THAT MINERAL, GENTLEMEN.
THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE IS PURPOSELY WITHHOLDING SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION!
OUI. THEY ARE BREAKING THE CODE OF FULL CO-OPERATION!

THAT IS NOT SO! YOU MUST TELL THEM WHAT YOU KNOW, DOCTOR!
I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SIR GEOFFREY!
THEN THE SOVIET PEOPLES ARE WITH-DRAWING FROM THIS FARCE. IF IT'S A RACE TO THE MOON, WE SHALL WIN!
IS THAT SO. WELL, YOU WON'T BEAT AMERICA!

AS THE MEETING BREAKS UP, THE DOCTOR IS WATCHED...
THE C.I.A. WANTS TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MYSTERY MAN! I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO FOLLOW YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF NECESSARY!

Has the Doctor made the wrong decision?

POPEYE
SPINACH
JAIL
HI YA, WIMPY.
HEY! WHAT'S THAT FOR?
SOCK!
I INSIST YOU HAVE ME COMMITTED TO PRISON FOR THAT UNPROVOKED ATTACK ON YOUR PERSON!
AW! WHAT'S A SOCK ON THE JAW BETWEEN PALS!
YOU SAW WHAT I DID TO POPEYE! PUT ME IN JAIL AT ONCE!
?
OKAY, WIMPY. IF YOU INSIST!
I DON'T GET IT!
I THINK I KNOW THE REASON, POPEYE. THE PRISONERS HAVE HAMBURGERS FOR SUPPER ON SATURDAY EVENING!
AND IT'S SATURDAY TODAY! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!
OH, BOY—IT'S NEARLY SUPPER TIME!
OKAY, YOUSE GUYS—YOU KNOW THE PLAN!
WHEN THE WARDER BRINGS THE SUPPER IN WE MAKE OUR BREAK-OUT!
?
SUPPER'S RE...
OKAY! LET'S GO!
THEY'RE MINE! ALL MINE!
C'MON YOU!
BUT THE ESCAPE PLAN FAILS, AND...
NEXT DAY...
POPEYE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO BE IN PRISON!
NOT NOW THEY'VE PUT US ON BREAD AND WATER FOR ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE!
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO, WIMPY! ARF! ARF!

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Sweepea has a growing problem soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION